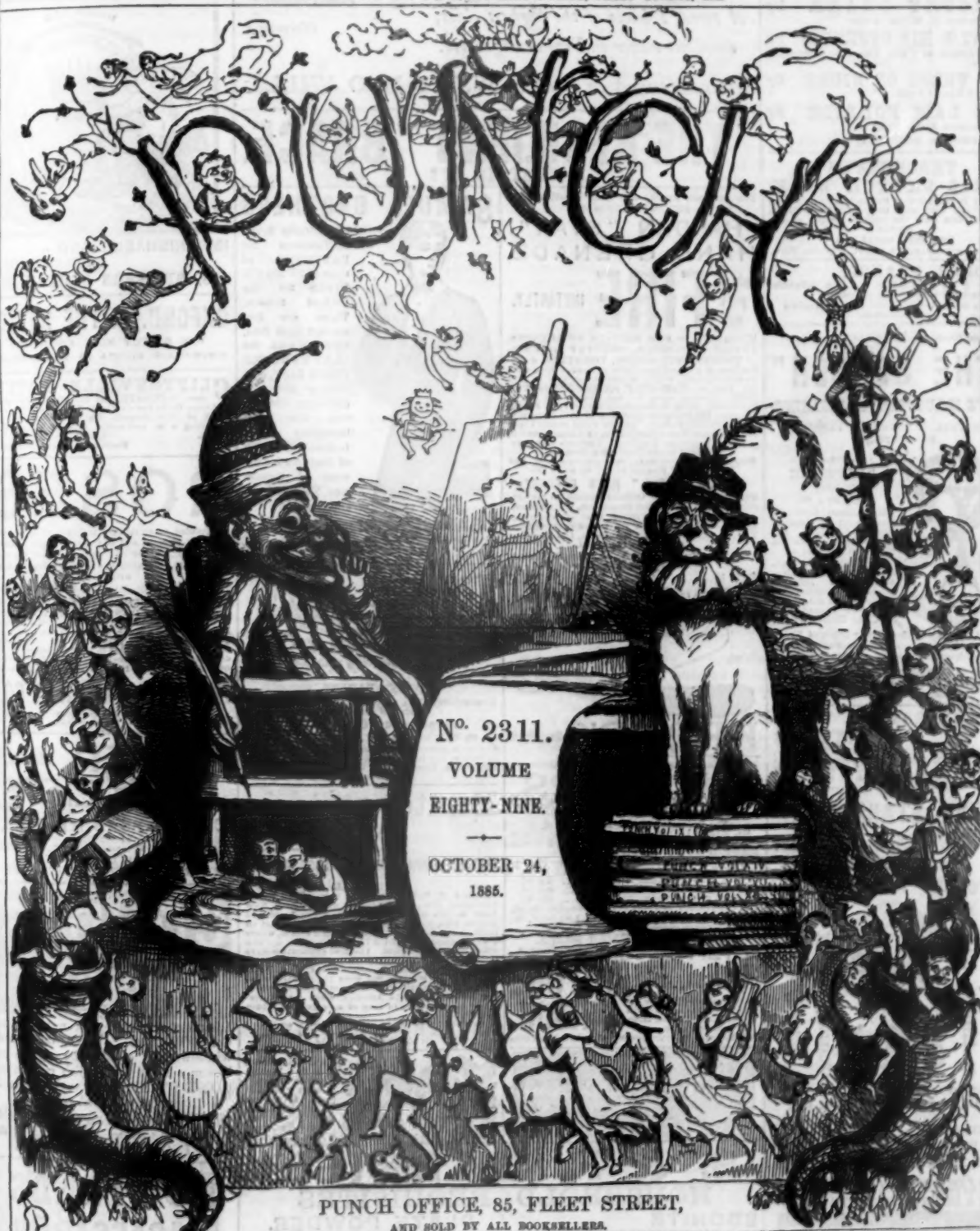


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 From J. F. C. M'FARLANE, Esq., Albion Hotel, Liverpool, Feb., 1884.—"On my passage from New York to this country a few days ago I suffered intense pain from a decayed tooth. My first act on landing was to proceed to a Chemist's Store, where I was advised to try BUNTER'S NERVINE. The effect was most magical. The first application gave instant relief. Nearly a week has elapsed, and no return of pain. This to me, in the transaction of large business matters, has been the greatest comfort. Gratitude induces me to make this known to you before I return to America, when I shall certainly take a supply in case of an attack on return voyage."

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 Resident Managing Director.

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TOPICS OF TO-DAY.

Treated by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



'Ot toe man, and the Sublime Porte.



A Peasant Prop-Rioter.



Ma said O! near. Calling out the (P)reserves.



Stormy Meeting of the Servian8-kup-tobina.



Small All-'ot-ments.



Dis end, 'ow meant?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Royalty Restored, in Two Volumes, by Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY, who professes to give us a social history of the Wits and Beauties of the Merry Monarch's Court. The work is written in a pleasant style, tinged with an affectation of the mannerisms of the period he is describing, which assimilates fairly well with the quotations from EVLYN, PEPPY, and such well-known writers. But such a social history ought to have been a *chronique scandaleuse*, otherwise it tells us very little with which we were not already acquainted. The horrors of the Plague, details of the Great Fire, the story of the Popish Plot and of that scoundrel, TITUS OATES, neither a Wit nor a Beauty of the Court, should have had no place in this social history. If the *vis intima* of CHARLES and his dissolute Court cannot throw into the shade the stories of the Regency, then in these days of memoirs and revelations, we shall gradually come to look upon the Second CHARLES and his friends as much maligned, and to consider whether, by some typographical error in History, the Merry Monarch is not a misprint for the Moral Monarch. From the expectations which Mr. F. MOLLOY in his preface had raised, we were disappointed with this latest edition of the story of the Beauties and the Beast.

As one volume of a most useful, and in every sense, readable series called *The World's Workers*, brought out by Messrs. CASSELL & Co., the eldest daughter of CHARLES DICKENS has published a collection of incidents in her father's life "most likely," she thinks, "to interest and to appeal to young people." The result, at all events, is most acceptable to the grown-up, old, and middle-aged, who know their DICKENS pretty well by heart, and have read all that can be told about him in the *Life and Letters*. Whether this present little work—a labour of the purest affection—will lead children to read CHARLES DICKENS's works, or whether this is by any means the best way to give them a Dickensian taste, is open to question, and must remain a matter of individual opinion and experience. For ourselves we should say decidedly not; that the ordinary course being the reverse of what "MAMIE DICKENS" has attempted, that is to say, that a perusal of the books leads to an inquiry into the writer's private

and personal character, while a knowledge of the latter would not be, to most people, any inducement to read his books. The two things are to the external public entirely distinct, though we can understand how naturally they come to be closely associated in the mind of so devoted an admirer as his own daughter. Still, whether for young or for old, this little book, coming from such a source, will be gratefully received. We wish it had appeared at Christmas time, which to some of us, is peculiarly associated with the name of CHARLES DICKENS, whose *Carol or Chimes*, or whatever might happen to be his story for the time, was sure to be one of the Christmas literary presents bought for the elder boys, while the *Annual* of our old friend *Peter Parley* went to the younger ones. Pleasant Christmas mornings those! New silver coinage, fresh from the Mint, wonderful books in brilliant bindings, with highly coloured illustrations inside, and then the prospect of grand festivities in the evening!

Another volume of the same series is given up to HANDEL. The monographeress is ELIZA CLARKE (is it "Mrs." or "Miss" P), and her book we recommend to everyone who, wanting to learn all about the great Composer, is pressed for time, and can only take a turn at the Handel for half-an-hour, or so. It is amusing to be reminded that he wrote an Oratorio called *Theodora*, which the great ladies of the day would not go to hear, because the story was not sufficiently interesting to suit them. But the plot was evidently not the same as SANDOU's *Theodora*, which SARAH BERNHARDT has made her own particular character, as HANDEL calls his plot "a Christian story" which the French dramatist's certainly is not. We know very little of HANDEL from himself. He was not a man of letters—very few could be found; but he left a wealth of notes, with which the world has been thoroughly satisfied.

Solomon's Mines, by RIDER HAGGARD. What a weird name! It sounds like a sort of first cousin to *Rogue Riderhood*, only infinitely more tragic and grim. What awfully overpoweringly thrilling works ought to come from the brain of a man with such a name as this. I regret that Mr. DUMB CRAMBO JUNIOR is not on the spot to furnish us with a fancy portrait of "THE" RIDER HAGGARD. *Post equitem sedet atra cura* must be his motto. However, what we have to do with, just now, is his latest book called *Solomon's Mines*. This ought to have been worked up into as powerful a romance as *Treasure Island*. But the promise of its commencement is not fulfilled. There is a false ring about the narrative, which deprives it of that absorbing interest which ought so to master the reader that he cannot put aside the book for a moment until he has reached the end, and learnt how the heroes have escaped. The introduction of a low comedian into it (Oh, RIDER HAGGARD! not up to your own name by any manner of means!)—a naval officer with an eye-glass and gutta-percha collars—is a mistake, as forced humour must always be. Then the almanack and the eclipse, among savages, have done similar service on several previous occasions, while a parallel can be found for the use made of the Lieutenant's false teeth, in somebody's wig in an Indian tale (the name of which does not recur to us at the moment; but, by the way, what a good title—*Somebody's Wig*!) where the would-be scalper is terrified by all the hair coming off in his hand, while the scalped one remains in the best possible health and spirits. *Solomon's Mines*, all the same, is worth reading. It is clever; if anything, it is just a bit too clever. But in future please don't forget that your name is RIDER HAGGARD, and "write as sich." Yes, Sir, if there is anything in a name, you ought to have been the Author of *The Headless Horseman*.

A VERY SPOTLESS SPOT;

Or, *The Real Hygieia*.

"Dr. TIDY, the Medical Officer of Health for Islington, states in his Report that of the 113 specimens of food, submitted in the course of the year for analysis, not one was adulterated or contained anything injurious to health."—*Daily Paper*.

O HAPPY Townlet, joined to Town!
O Islington the Blest!
Whose groceries have gamely stood
The analytic test;
What other district doth exist
Whereof it may be said
No sweepings figure in its tea,
No bone-dust in its bread?

You need not fear, in this retreat
Of virtue which will wash,
To lunch on sirloin that is horse,
Or butter that is "bosh."

The milky mother of the herd
Would be surprised to see
Her ill-used product quite devoid
Of all impurity!

Here e'en the goodies children suck
Are unadulterated,
And some unadorned brand of wine
Seems specially created.
An Officer of Health! Why, sure,
This place can hardly need 'un,
And Merry Islington henceforth
Must change its name to Eden.

THE REAL "BUFFER STATE"—Old Bachelordom.



DYNAMICS.

"WHAT, TIE YOUR SASH AGAIN, MOLLY! I'VE TIED IT ALREADY FOUR TIMES. YOU MUST TIE IT YOURSELF!"

"HOW CAN I, AUNT! I'M IN FRONT!"

THE MARES AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.

WELL, I must say as I feels werry sorry for the cumming Lord Mare, having to foller on such a dubble-barrelled steepel-chaser as his predecessor. He'll have to put up one or two hextra Staples to keep him all right and tite. Wot a gallackey of glorious Bankwets have preceded each other without paws, month after month and weak after weak. Lords follers Commons, as is natral, and Judges follers Common Counselmen, which isn't, and Bishops comes after Bankers, which they shouldn't, and Gills follers up Her Madjesty's Ministers, which they shoold: and then, as a winder up, we has all the Mares and Mareesses of the hole united Kingdom—as it ort to be, but isn't—a commin hundreds of miles to a grand Ball, and all decorated with such massiv reel gold chanes as, I was told, if all linked together, woud have been strong enuff to have wayed the anker of a 70 pound three Master, and long enuff to have reached from the Lor Courts in the Strand to Mr. ATTEMURROW's the Porn Brokers at the corner of Chancery Lane! *Habesent Homen!* And let me say this for them afore I goes any furdur, that a finer or a bigger or a helthier looking set of gentlemen I have never seed henter the onerd Manshun House since I fust waited in the Egipahun All of dazzling light. Sum of us well-seasoned atendants, as we now calls ourselves, who has had a large experience of the effecs of enthousiastick dinners on enthousiastick gents as has been a travelling all day, was a leetle afeard as the gents mite have looked jest a leetle seedy and sleepy wen they marched in about eleven o'clock. But no, they wun and all looked as brite and as kean and as intellygent as if they had jest cum out of the conventual ban-box, tho they woud suttenly have required a hextry big 'un.

There was wun fine-looking Mare and his good-looking Mareess, and their brite-looking Dorter, as looked capital spessimens of our northern countys, so I was of course surprised to hear as they come from *South* sheelds. The ever-popular dramattick perfession was there to give 'em all a arty welcome. Mr. OUGUSTUS ARNIS worlet away with a charmin partner as if he quite bleaved it to be in accordance with Human Natur, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGRED was there two with his beautiful dorter,

KING THEEBAW.

"The King [THEEBAW], it is said, refuses to make any concession. If the refusal is not withdrawn, he must cease to be a King."—*Standard*.

KING THEEBAW's a shocking fellow,
Far too long has had his fling,
Drinks and gets extremely mellow—
He must cease to be a King.

He has murdered his relations,
On adjacent trees they swing;
That's the way with savage nations—
He must cease to be a King.

He is crueller than NERO,
Like a tiger he will spring;
Not by any means a hero—
He must cease to be a King.

Now he'd stop all British trading,
Unto bankruptcy woud bring
Folks who deal in bills of lading—
He must cease to be a King.

All his subjects gladly gather
Underneath the British wing;
Off with THEEBAW then—or, rather,
He must cease to be a King!

SHORT ANECDOTE BY BEN TROVATO.

THE other day, Mr. J. C. H-BEL-Y, R.A., entered a music-shop. He is an excellent musician, and a great admirer of the works of HANDEL and ARNE.

"I want," he said to the Shopman, "I want to see some old songs of about a century ago. I cannot sing the old songs myself, but wish to make a selection for a friend."

The Shopman paused thoughtfully; then shook his head, and replied,

"Very sorry, Sir, we haven't any old songs in stock; but I can show you some of our new ditties, if you care to—"

But before he could finish the sentence, Mr. H-BEL-Y drew back horrified, exclaiming, "Nudities!" And, darting such a look at the man as ought to have shrivelled him up on the spot, he strode out of the shop.

and Mr. BANGCROFT was as conspicuous as usual. I was glad to overhear him tell a delited Common Counsel Man that he had not given up the Stage, but only the handling of the ribbons, witeh I should have thort woud have been better left to his better half, but praps upon the whole he's right.

The Lord Mare looked partickler fresh and brite at about half-past two, hay hem. As he had only had his magistrat's work to do, and go to three or four meetings and attend a great public dinner as the gest of the hevining, and then to receive about a thowsand widders later on, of course that was rayther a slack day for him. There was wun thing as struck all us Waiters werry strong, and that was the grate call for Corfies, another bad sine of the progress of tea-total-lunacy we all thort, till we remembered as all the gents had jest come from the dinner-table, witeh consoled us.

They all spoke werry well of the maynu and the wines, but from a glance I got of one as was left on the tabel with my egsperienced eye, I shoold scarce look upon it as quite hup to our Manshun House mark. I think as I noticed a hutter habesence of foi grar. The wines two might ha' been holder without no fear of dotage. I was literally amazed at dishecovering that there was no less than three reel Lord Mares! My only wunder is that our own hollowed Coporashun never allowed it. They always was a libberal set, but I wonders as they didn't draw the line at One Lord Mare, One and indiwizabel. Bawys told me as there was only one Irish Mare present and he was a Lord. Wot could have kept 'em away? Was it gelousy, or mal der Mare, or unsisterly disaffection, or was they persuaded by Mr. Boycott? Who nose? Of course there's no accounting for taste, nobody never tried, but I thinks of the too, I'd rayther be a umbel hed Waiter and go where I liked, and buy and sell as I liked, and ginerally do as I liked, than to be even the proud Mare of Cork or of Bonnygal, but under the constant superwishun of prying Mr. Boycott. And this I bleaves is what they calls Ome Rule. I sumtimes thinks as we married mags quite ome rule enuff in this 'ere blessed country, the land of the brave and the fre, but we ain't allers being a follered about to see wot houses we gos into for a drink, and then to be told as they can't serve us coz of Mr. Boycott. I hopes as we shan't find Sir WILLIAM



THE MODEL "BRITISH MATRON."

Mr. H-r-l-y, R.A. (as the M.B. Matron). "OH DEAR! OH DEAR! WHO COULD HA' SAT FOR THAT?"

LAWSON a trying of the same little game, tho I rayther thinks as his friend Mr. Local Hopshun must be a werry near naybour of Mr. Boycott.

I got a peep now and then into the Ball Room from our little corner, and was pleased to see that the stately Marcs confined themselves to quadrails and such-like dances, and left the rayther too affectionate Wallases to the younger and less dignified ofishals, such as Common Counsellmen and Town Clerks and setterer.

I don't no as I'm werry partickler, but I suttently shoood draw the

line at Wallases for a portly and dignifide and chained Mare, and so they most on 'em did. Of course there's allways a few exseptions to all good rules, and there was there, but they was mostly confined to little burrows and fishy Ports, so they was easily owerlooked and did not much interfere with the ong sarmbel as the Germans says, which was certainly unseek. We broke up about 3, and I was pleased to see from a glance at the Hat Plate that whatever they were in Politics when at home, the Muncippile guests wen at the Manshun House was Libberal to a man,

ROBERT.

A SHORT HOLIDAY CRUISE.

Dramatic changes—Weather—Ballachuish—Hotel—Misery—The Pass—The Driver—Queries—Lock Leven—Storm—Off—Canna—Bock agen—Loloman—Dibdin Junior—Music—The Mull—Awful nights—Night at Sea—Lamlash—End of Cruise.

DRAMATIC change of scene. Last night murky, this morning brilliant. We rise with the lark—or say the sea-gull—and leaving the yacht, *Norseman, R.A.*, in the bay, we are off to the Scotch place with the Irish name—Ballachuish.

SCENE I.—Fine breeze, lovely weather. Now we sail with the gale, &c.

SCENE II.—Weather beastly: gusts from the mountains.

Lock Leven.—Pouring. No use stopping on board. "Let us land," MELLEVILLE proposes, "interview the proprietor of the hotel, and get a trap to take us to see the Pass of Glencoe."

By all means. Carried *nem. con.* FORD-BAMLEY says it is just the very day for seeing the Pass of Glencoe, as it ought to be done—he

speaks of doing the pass as if it were a conjuring trick—in the mist. He tells us that this is quite the rainiest part of Scotland. Does he think from his experience that there is any chance of its holding up? No he doesn't: in fact he is sure that the rain will get worse and worse. But what of that? He, personally, has waterproof hat, coat, and high fishing-boots, and is ready for anything.

We land. The hotel may look lively in the finest weather, but now its appearance is that of highly respectable misery. A few elderly and feeble tourists are in the sitting-room, one asleep, another wandering sadly about, occasionally stopping to flatten his nose against the window pane, sighing wearily, while two elderly ladies and a very old gentleman, a party of three, are wrapped up and stowed away in a corner, to be left there till called for, and, but for a vigilant landlord, running a considerable chance of being forgotten altogether. Patients waiting in a dentist's ante-room on a damp day present a cheering spectacle compared with the aspect of these miserable tourists. They seem to be the remains of a once large party, which had gradually dwindled away without paying the bill, leaving the feeblest, and probably the wealthiest, as security for the amount. One or two, here and there, like flies at the end of autumn, are doddering about the large sitting-room, to which not even a recently-lighted fire, struggling to look bright and cheerful in the most depressing circumstances, can impart any idea of warmth or comfort.

There are also two young men in the hall, sitting mournfully among their luggage, and looking out with yearning gaze for the long-expected coach that is to take them away for ever. They are dressed in perfectly Scotch Tourist Suits, carrying plaids, waterproofs, umbrellas, and stout crooked-handled sticks for climbing. I expect to hear them say to one another, that is if they have the heart to talk at all, with rain pouring down on all sides, and everything and everybody cold, damp, and dreary, "Eh, SANDIE mon, but it's just a wee bit moist." So I am considerably surprised when the more Scotch, if possible, of the two says to his friend, in a subdued tone, "Dis donc, Eugene, savez-vous à quelle heure part-il, le—comment s'appelle-t-il?" "Le Co-atch," suggests the other, which the first speaker accepts as correct, and continues, "Oui—le Coatch pour—" "Le bateau?" says his friend mournfully, "Oui—" and then he gives him the required information.

These two young Frenchmen, what could they have been when at home? Gay Parisians? What brought them here? The love of travel, or the wish to ascertain for themselves if all they had heard about the Scotch climate was true? Sad experience. Neither EUGENE nor ANATOLE will come here again. They looked wretched enough in my eyes when I thought them Scotchmen on their own native heath, and their name Macgregor; but now I know to what nationality they belong, they seem to me to be doubly, nay trebly miserable. Never did I see two such unlovely Gauls.

MELLEVILLE informs us that the traps will return presently—



Sir William Waterproof, the Black Knight.

["Traps" sounds unpleasant. "Traps for Tourists"—as most show places are. But MELLEVILLE, of course, means "vehicles"—and that we shall have one to ourselves—not with other damp tourists—for visiting the Pass of Glencoe.

The coach arrives. The two damp young Frenchmen show some signs of alacrity in climbing up on the roof. The other "dismal Jemmies"—I call the lot dismal Jemmies and Jemimas—come out slowly, as if suffering from cramp and rheumatism, and grumbling all the time (no wonder!), are, some of them, hidden away inside, while the weakest of all, physically unable to secure inside places, are hoisted up aloft, where the rain will finish them, I should say. Oh, the pleasures of touring!

We can have one open trap with two horses and driver. It is a waggonette; and, wrapped up in waterproof capes, coats, and caps, with a waterproof rug over our knees, we pack ourselves inside. Off we go. What a day! Rain pelting on us, and driving at us! Gusts of wind which threaten to stop the horses with a facer and to knock the driver backwards on to the rug that's over our knees. FORD-BAMLEY repeats, more than once, and quite pleasantly, that "This is the very sort of day for seeing the Pass." But he buries himself in his cape and sou'-wester, and not until there is a lull of five minutes does his head emerge. MELLEVILLE is the only one who braves the storm, in a yachting cap, a high waterproof collar touching his ears, and his *pince-nez* defying the elements. The Composer has disappeared, and admires as much as he can of the scenery through the top button-hole of his mackintosh.

For my own protection I have a black waterproof, a cap of the same material, with a curtain all round it, fastening under the chin. When thus arrayed, I look like the Black Knight (waterproofed) in *Ivanhoe*. It is effective, theoretically; but though it protects the ears, it strikes so intensely cold a-top, that I feel as if I were going about with a wet sponge on the crown of my head; and as the wind will blow up between the fastenings of the cape, I find myself sitting in a system of thorough draughts; while the stuff being the most expensive and of the very lightest texture, so as to allow it to be called a "pocket waterproof," or some delusive name of that sort, has invariably gone with a rent—like a Land-Leaguering tenant—when the slightest opposition has been offered by my accidentally treading on the skirt as I am mounting anywhere, or by my catching on something sharp—a very unpleasant situation—as I am descending, say from the yacht into the gig, and so there are two or three fancy openings not included in the original bargain, and an aperture just below the middle of my back which takes in as much water as a portion of my under-coat can conveniently carry. However, we are all in the same boat—the only occasion when we are not in the same boat, by the way, but all in the same carriage, and we try to come out as *Mark Tapleys*, and be at our very best and jovialest.

The driver keeps his head down, as if he were butting at the weather with his hat, and volunteers no information. Presumably, he is the guide, so being all pretty well up in our MURRAY's History of the Pass of Glencoe, we determine to obtain more precise details on the spot. The Composer, who thinks there is a fine subject here for a Dramatic Cantata, after carefully sheltering himself with his left arm holding a bit of his big cape as if he were afraid that the driver was going to turn round and hit him, looks up obliquely, and asks, "Isn't this where the MAC IAN? &c." To which the driver, slightly turning his head towards CULLINS, only replies, quietly, "Aye, Sir."

MELLEVILLE sees a ruin, which must have some connection with the awful story of Glencoe. "Is that," he asks the driver, "Is that where HAMILTON, &c., &c." And again the driver most civilly replies, "Aye, Sir, yea." He confirms all our guesses, which proves to us how thoroughly we have mastered the history of the place and its geography. We drive on for some time: asking various questions and receiving the same unvarying answer. At last it occurs to me that either the driver wants to get the journey over, and is therefore uncommunicative, or that he is not quite so well up in the subject as we are. So, when we arrive at the most desolate, and most awe-inspiring part of the Glen, I ask him, in quite a matter-of-fact tone, "Does the band play here every evening?" He turns round sharply with a suspicious "Eh?" and I repeat the question gravely. "No," he answers, hesitatingly, regarding me askance, "No, there's no band plays here." "But," I continue, as if astonished at his reply, "how do they amuse themselves here, then? Aren't there any theatres, or concerts, or fireworks?"

He looks down at me over his shoulder, considers awhile as if trying to remember whether he had ever heard of the existence of these entertainments in the Pass of Glencoe, and then he replies, slowly, "No. There are no theatres; no." Then, evidently thinking it necessary to make a clean breast of it, and apologise for his ignorance, he turns quite round and says, ingenuously, "You see, Sir, I'm a stranger in these parts, and this is the first time as ever I was here at all."

He has appealed to our compassion; he is only a servant: the hotel proprietor sent him with us, as we wanted a carriage to ourselves. MELLEVILLE inquires, "Can you tell us whether we've seen the whole Pass, and ought to turn back?" "No," he sadly shakes his head,

he had been rather trusting to us, as we seemed to know all about it. Does he know where we are now? Not a bit; he is humbled and cast down, and so to speak, throws himself on our mercy, and hopes we won't shoot him. "Has he never heard," asks the Composer, coming right up on end, as it were, like a Jack-in-the-box, suddenly, and displaying the most vigorous indignation, "Has he never heard of the Massacre of Glencoe?" No, the driver hasn't; this is, he abjectly repeats, most abjectly, the first time he's ever been here; but if we like he'll ask where it is (meaning the Massacre, which he probably thinks is the name of a house of call on the road) as we go back.

Storm increased. A heavy sea on in Loch Laven. The gig is pitched and tossed, so that we have to hold on tight when we get alongside the yacht, and the gig is shot up in the air high enough to bump against the other boat suspended on the davits, and then comes down again with a whop into the waves. We have each separately to choose our moment for being chucked up in turn on to the deck, where we are caught in the arms of the Captain and First Mate.

Dinner compensates for all; and, full of Glencoe and its horrors, we drink confusion to the memory of WILLIAM the Dutchman, and wish he had been the Flying Dutchman, and confusion generally to the memory of everyone who had a hand in that diabolical work.

Next Morning.—Another dramatic change. It is still pouring. We purpose fishing. All are dressed as *Dirk Hatteraicks*, when suddenly out comes sun, up dries deck, a fair wind, a lovely day, off go waterproofs, and we are once more in ordinary costume and under weigh.

To Canna, to shoot the seals. Progressing beautifully. Suddenly the Composer comes below, and, with a disturbed expression of countenance, reports that the Captain, in reply to a question about Canna, has said that "he canna go." This is not a joke it appears, but a fact. There are nautical reasons which I am unable to comprehend; but whatever they may be, they do not quite satisfy MELLEVILLE, who is clearly annoyed; FORD-BAMLY looks solemn, the Composer bewails his ill-luck in being a second time done out of shooting seals—by which sport I rather fancy he entertained some visionary hopes of making a large fortune, and retiring for life,—and I, taking it philosophically, begin to inspect my maps and see where I will go to instead of Canna for the remainder of a short holiday. The Yacht's course is altered. We are going South. I elect to be set down in Lamlash Bay, off Arran, thence by steamer to the mainland, then, *via* Kilmarnock and Carlisle, up to London, and then by Dover and Calais to Mayence, to come down the Rhine and see how it looks immediately after a fortnight among the Scottish Isles.

For one night we put up in Lowlander's Bay, pronounced Loloman's Bay, which I well remember on a former occasion. The Composer has not yet written that song about Loloman's Bay, which was to have handed his name down to posterity, as DIBDIN Junior. He has chosen his beautiful subjects, "*Loloman's Bay*," and the "*Spinnaker Boom*." He says the sort of thing he wants—"DIBDIN wrote his own words," he reminds me—is this:—

The Frenchmen (or any other people if this isn't popular) came down in terrible array,

To fight with the British in Loloman's Bay—Loloman's Bay;

To fight with our sea-dogs in Loloman's Bay.

We none of us care about the introduction of "sea-dogs" and "British," but the Composer says it is only the idea of the sort of thing required, and that the finish should be:—

"The moon was full up when we got under weigh,

And left all the Frenchmen in Loloman's Bay."

He thinks it would do for SIMS REEVES or SANTLEY. More chance as a Baritone for SANTLEY, as SIMS REEVES seems to stick to "*The Bay of Biscay*" and "*Tom Bowline*." The "*Spinnaker Boom*" he would treat heroically, thus:—

He—anybody—a pirate or buccaneer, the Composer explains—"it doesn't matter who 'He' is." We agree that it doesn't, and the Composer recommences:—

"He bounded on deck little knowing his doom,
So I knocked him flat down with the Spinnaker Boom."

"It couldn't be done," objects FORD-BAMLY, in a matter-of-fact way.

"I don't say it could," retorts the Composer. "I'm only giving you the idea of the sort of verses I want to compose for." Then he goes on:—

"They buried him sadly, and wrote on his tomb,
'Just killed by a blow from the Spinnaker Boom.'"

CULLINS then gives us several specimens of the kind of music he will write for the song when finished. We join in a chorus, and, having had a musical evening, all retire, humming.

Sailing all Night.—Beating about the Mull of Cantyre. At midnight I go on deck to see a phantom ship in full sail passing us. Strange and weird sight. It looks like three fiendish giants sailing

along on the back of a monster duck, which had been badly wounded in the middle of the body, where it exhibited a bright red mark that seemed to tinge the sea as it went by slowly and silently.



Phantom Shapes at Sea.

After this—and rather expecting the Sea Serpent to follow—I retire. But not to rest; oh dear, no. The Mull of Cantyre says sleep no more. Never was such a Mull! No sooner am I dropping off than I hear the word "Bout!"—and about we go—flopping, rolling, then pitching, heaving, banging, whooping. I am nearly out of my berth: I clutch at the side. Just beginning to think that I can at last get some sleep, when 'bout we go again, and I am rolled over on to the other side. After four turns, I get up, fall out somehow, and attempt to re-make the bed. It is a struggle: but I think I have made a slight improvement. I bide my time, and then in again, holding on. No distinct notion till to-night of what "taking forty winks" meant. I never got more sleep than this graphically describes, for I never succeeded in keeping my eyes closed—the seconds of rest were literally "winks." "Wink," I am aware, is the abbreviated form of "periwinkle," and just time to take forty winks might have come to mean, nautically, the time occupied in extracting that number of winks out of their shells with a pin—a tedious operation, which I should say would rather represent a period of forty minutes. I only wish that in this sense I could get forty winks. But it is impossible. We are on "short tacks" all night, and each short tack is like a nail driven into my coffin.

I make up my bed five times to-night, and on each occasion it is rather worse than it was before. I remember the proverb, "As you make your bed, so you must lie on it," and appreciate it thoroughly. "Lie on it," I may, and must—but to sleep on it is an impossibility. Mull of Cantyre, indeed! It evidently can tire me!

At last, about seven A.M., I fall asleep, and dream that I am in an old-fashioned four-post bedstead; then, somehow, going through no walls or doors, but merely "somehow," I am wafted through the air, still in night-attire, among branches of trees, at which I clutch occasionally, until I find myself fluttering above the heads of some people on to an old-fashioned landing outside the room where I am supposed to be asleep in the old-fashioned four-poster. Then someone coming up-stairs, a chambermaid, I think, who holds her hands before her face, as if inexpressibly shocked, which quite astonishes me up in the air, exclaims, "How can you, Sir! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" and I am about to explain that it is no fault of mine that I am flying about in this costume, and that I wouldn't of my own accord offend anyone's feelings for worlds, when somebody else says, "Half-past seven, hot-water, Sir," and, opening my eyes, I see the Steward. He informs me that we are very much where we have been for the last five hours, but that breakfast will be as usual. It isn't as usual, as we form acute angles to the table, and are in generally uncomfortable and absurd positions. However, wind and tide serve our turn at last, and, about ten hours or so later than we had expected, we come to an anchor in Lamlash Bay, and go on shore to inspect that lively watering-place. Scotch weather set in: more rain, more Macintoshes, and more Macmisery. The pier of Lamlash in the rain, with luggage, damp passengers, cattle, cattle-drivers, boatmen, and baggage, is a delightful place—especially for Ladies. But, Farewell, Bonnie Scotland! Away to foreign shores!

Parnell and his Plank.

"My Programme has only one Plank," says PARNELL,
"And that's Independence." Delightfully frank!
But in old Naval days,—some remember them well,—
The Mutineer's doom was called "Walking the Plank!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Deaf Old Gentleman. "THE CONVERSATION SEEMS VERY AMUSING, MY DEAR. WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?"
Hostess (fortissimo). "WHEN THEY SAY ANYTHING WORTH REPRATING, GRANDPAPA, I'LL TELL YOU!"

THE IRISH "VAMPIRE."

"The Vampire Bat (*V. Spectrum*), hovering over its victim with quivering wings, descends and fans him gently as it breaks his skin and draws his life-blood."

Poor Erin! Ghoul-beset and harpy-haunted
 Has been thy path, pale victim, from the first.
 Undying charms by many singers chaunted
 Are thine, but shadowed by some spell accurst.
 By foe beset, by friend betrayed for ever;
 Deceived when trusting, and when hostile foiled;
 In thy hot haste discriminating never,
 And through thy love despoiled!

Succubus stealth and vampire greed united,
 Now in new shape thy troubled drowse molest;
 Sad semi-sleep by visions dire affrighted;
 Pallid prostration not akin to rest.
 The fatal fanning of perfidious pinions
 Lull thee to opiate slumber, whilst beneath
 Sinister stupor's deadliest of dominions
 Creeps on the cruel death.

Wake, palsied sleeper, for that fiendish flutter
 Of harpy wings preludeth not repose,
 But subtle life-sap and exhaustion utter!
 Those winnowing bat-wings are thy ruthless foes,
 Lulling but lethal. Wake, and banish quickly
 The hideous death that o'er thee hovering hangs,
 Before there comes, through night-fears mustering thickly,
 The piercing of the fangs.

'Twill suck thy strength's last remnants; drain the sources
 Of beauty left thee after many tears;
 Arrest the rallying of thy long-strained forces.
 The crescent brightness of the coming years
 Those ghouliah wings eclipse; beneath them languish
 Late quickening hopes—they faint, they fail, they die.
 Rouse, Erin, rouse from this dread dream's dull anguish,
 And bid the Vampire fly!

A TIP TO STATISTICIANS.

In the interest of the Public Health, *Mr. Punch* considers that we want a new sort of statistics. We are instructed as to the Death Rate, and the comparative prevalence of different diseases. But as regards the real origin of disease, and the actual cause of death, we are generally very much in the dark. The number of deaths from rheumatic affections there are means of discovering. But who can tell us what proportion of these are due—for example—to damp and draughty Hansoms? If this information could be made public, we might, perhaps, not have to wait until the Greek Kalends—as we seem likely to have to do in present circumstances—for that simple but long-delayed boon, a clean, comfortable, and non-homicidal Cab! This is only one instance. The wide range and the practical advantage of such statistics must be immediately obvious. They would be an invaluable weapon in the hand of the practical reformer. Fancy such an announcement as this, "Forty deaths in a week from damp cab-cushions," or untrapped drains, or draughty theatres, or "doctored" drinks, or jerry-built houses, or bad milk, or any one of a hundred other remediable mischiefs! How it would set the public talking, the reformers investigating, and the inventors scheming! Here's a chance for the men of tables and averages, and particularly for the "passionate statistician," *Mr. Goschen*!

"Good Words!"

"ENGLISH, I own, is the best of all tongues."
 Says JUSTIN M'CARTHY, that stout Anti-Saxon;
 Yet he bullies JOHN BULL, and his optics up-bungs,
 And all Ireland's woes lays our countrymen's backs on.
 Is it just in you, JUSTIN, or e'en fairly using us,
 Our "best of all tongues" to use but in abusing us?

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER desires to acknowledge the receipt of one-half of a halfpenny postage-stamp for Succession Duty omitted.



THE IRISH "VAMPIRE."



COMFORTING!

Cottager. "Oh, DOCTOR, I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE COME. MRS. HARKER HAS HAD SUCH A VERY BAD NIGHT!"

Doctor. "A BAD NIGHT, EH? HA, WELL, KEEP HER QUIET,—AND MIND SHE GETS SOME NICE SLEEP THIS AFTERNOON!"

[Rides off to the Meet with a clear conscience.]

NEITHER FOR CHOICE.

In view of the approaching Election of School Board Candidates, the following correspondence, continued from a daily paper, will be read with interest:—

SIR,—In reply to "AN INQUIRING COLOSSUS," who would be "glad to know that every child in need of education could be furnished, if necessary, with a couple of seats and an arm-chair, at every Board School in the three Kingdoms," I have only to ask him whether he thinks the intelligent British Ratepayer will stand any outlay for addition to the already superabundant accommodation provided to meet all the educational necessities of the country. Why, Sir, what do statistics show? Take the Board School for this District. Here we have a magnificent Hall, luxuriously appointed, and supplied with, I am informed, a staff of eminent native and foreign professors, three-fourths of which is occupied daily by empty benches. And yet there is a clamour for still further accommodation. Now, if I had my way I would shut up and sell all this useless educational lumber, and tack the proceeds on to the credit side of the local rates. What is the meaning of it all? I ask. Where are we drifting to? Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wants all education free. Well, I would have it free; free for the parents to leave it or let it alone, and until some move is made in this direction, and soon there must be, it is clear there will be no peace for

Yours indignantly,

A BRITISH RATEPAYER.

SIR,—I have read with some interest the correspondence that has already appeared on the subject of the London School Board Expenditure, and, as one who has taken an active part in the discussion of the various measures that have come up before that body from time to time for deliberation, I may perhaps be permitted to speak with some authority on the subject. It is not true, as your Correspondent "ONE-AND-TWENTY IN THE POUND," asserts, that this sum is the limit which will be chargeable to the Ratepayer. On the contrary, the Board has a wide and sweeping scheme in hand that will materially raise the amount levied above that moderate figure.

Nor is it true that we are satisfied with the existing accommodation, which is equal only to about 25 per cent. in excess of that absolutely required. We propose authorising the erection of buildings sufficient to provide for the wants not only of the present, but of the coming generation, and we shall fearlessly appeal to the Ratepayers to find the sinews for this wholesome and important work. With regard to the appointment of a Persian Professor of double-back somersault-throwing, at a salary of £1200 a year, I certainly voted for that item, as I consider the physical and moral training of the young intimately connected; and, though it was not ultimately carried, if returned, as, with this programme, I confidently expect to be, at the forthcoming election, I am in hopes of being able to introduce it on some future, and more auspicious occasion.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your Obedient Servant,

AN OUTGOING MEMBER OF THE BOARD.

SIR,—Is there no possible medium between blind niggardliness on the one hand, and reckless expenditure on the other, and have we no alternative but to choose between those who would let education go to the dogs rather than pay an extra halfpenny in the pound, and those who would bring about the same result by making the financial yoke intolerable? Bigger issues, in a wider sphere, happen just now to be at stake, but when in a day or two the London Ratepayers are called on, as they will be, to select their Educational Representatives, let them keep their eye on the "Moderates," which is the advice of

Yours faithfully,

THE MAN WITH THE VOTE.

A Wail in Wales.

(By an Old True Blue Tory.)

MONMOUTH and Maceon! Oh, by St. Jingo,
My SALISBURY, what a fearful falling short!
In place of BEAKY's hot Imperial Stingo,
A draught—with borrowed brand—of thin New Port!

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 22.



AT CHARING CROSS STATION.

RAILWAYDOM! Marvellous realm! Behold one of its knottiest centres!
 Abandon all hope—of calm ease—whosoever its labyrinth enters.
 MINOS stands there, to the right,—RHADAMANTHUS he rather resembles,—
 The pompous supreme Great Panjandrum at whom even Parliament trembles
 With fear—or with laughter—the great Sir E. WATKIN! Just look at his attitude.
 He's monarch of all he surveys, and expects our unquestioning gratitude.
 A little bit anxious, perchance, as he stands with his hands in his pockets,
 For shares in these very bad times are not quite all ascending like rockets.
 Behind him, the chaos of crowding and crushing poor creatures intent on.
 The smart Traffic Manager stands, which his name, as all know, is MYLES FENTON;
 His Dep. at his side, M. D. TIRWHITT. In front, "off again" to the Congo,
 The gun-armed Great Gun of Explorers, whose motto is, "On, STANLEY, on go!"
 Before him low bowing to *Punch* is the Gallic *Paul Pry*—no offence meant!—
 The BULL-sketching smart MAX O'RELL, he has only just made a commencement,
 In right understanding of JOHN, who is not to be plumbed with a finger,
 Or summed in an epigram; sketches are *à la*, but an artist must linger.

Behind, with the smile that is bland, appears TSUNG, almond-eyed and astounded,
 No doubt, at the wild charivari and chaos by which he's surrounded.
 Next, one whom naught now can astound in this world from Bhagdad to—say, Merton,
 Whose life full of marvels has been as *Arabian Nights*, the great BURTON.
 Close by—can the artist mean satire by such a quaint juxtaposition?—
 Ex-Liberal, late KNATCHBULL-HUGGESSON, soul of uncertain condition
 And strangely fortuitous title, Lord BRABOURNE, who writes fairy stories,
 Because not allowed by the Whigs, nor indeed, up to now, by the Tories,
 To fill his true rôle, ruling England! Count MÜNSTER is seen in the rear of him;
 Then BRASSEY, as bright as the *Sunbeam*, the peaked yachting cap and the cheer of him
 Speak of the Amateur Mariner, sweet on the briny and wavy,
 Let's hope he'll find time, at odd moments, to keep a sharp eye on our Navy.
 Next comes that mysterious nondescript ERRINGTON, trim and touristical,
 Nothing about him suggestive of "ways that are dark" and sophistical.
 Should wear a cloak and a cowl, but appears to be fairly contented
 With cape and a billycock; sight that must drive Irish Members demented!



‘DESIRABLE!’

Saxon Passenger (on Highland Coach). “OF COURSE YOU’RE WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE COUNTRY ROUND ABOUT HERE. DO YOU KNOW ‘GLEN ACCRON’?”

Driver. “AYE, WEEL.”

Saxon Passenger (who had just bought the Estate). “WHAT SORT OF A PLACE IS IT?”

Driver. “WEEL, IF YE SAW THE DEIL TETHERED ON’T, YE’D JUST SAY ‘PUIR BRUTE’!”

Everyone’s favourite next, “dear old FAITH,” with his sketch-book.

He should know.

And *does*, Railway Stations as well as—say Bettws-y-Coed or Llandudno.

Last, in order, but least by no means in the Public’s affection and *Punch’s*,

The owner of medals in heaps, and the wearer of laurels in bunches, Our gallant-souled General ROBERTS. The rest is a “regular moodle.” “No Porters!” the usual cry. The poor Frenchman, wife, daughter, and poodle,

Are frantic. A Pelion on Ossa of luggage, and no one to take it! The tidal train just on the start! If Sir E. has a heart, this should break it.

For thus, luggage-cumbered and late, must the traveller oft be a tarrier,

Unless, like yon Bobby-chased youth, he dares make a bold dash o’er the barrier.

Look to it, Olympian WATKIN, and earn the sincere commendation Of all who, Big Pots or Mere Nobodies, flock to the Charing Cross Station!

PREHISTORIC MAN.—At the request of the Lieutenant-Governor, a report has been drawn up by Professor BOYD DAWKINS, F.R.S., on the Antiquities of the Isle of Man. They include Runic crosses, early tombs, habitations, camps, and places of assembly. Tools and weapons of flint, with other relics of the Stone Ages, and various implements, likewise, of the Bronze Age, should also be numbered among the monuments of Prehistoric Man discovered by Professor DAWKINS. Of course the learned Professor has pursued his researches amongst the Manx remains in the spirit of a philosopher, impressed with the conviction that “the proper study of Mankind is Man.”

CON. FOR THE LAND REFORMERS.—Can a young fellow, embracing his sweetheart, be excused on the ground that he is studying “the enclosure of waste spaces”?

THE RETURN OF THE TOURIST.

A Lilliputian Lyric.

BACK to Town,
And, egad!
I am brown,
And I’m glad.
Here’s the play,
And my “rub,”
Every day.
At the Club.
I don’t miss
The hotels,
And the Swiss,
And the smells.
E’en the views,
Very nice,
I’d refuse,
At the price.
Now I shan’t
Hang my hat
Where you can’t
Swing a cat.
Though I ne’er,
Entre nous,
Did that there,
Nor did you.
I have been
Everywhere,
And have seen
All things fair.
Seen the Alps
Rising high,
With bare scalps,
To the sky.

Seen Berlin,—
Rather slow,—
Unter Lin-
-den, you know.
Seen folks dine,
Germans swill,
Blanked the wine,
Paid my bill.
Left the Spree,
Went to France,
Tried Paris—
Just a glance.
Venice, too,
Overpraised,
Nothing new,
Ruskin’s crazed.
Constanti-
-nople shirk,
Tourists fly
From the Turk.
Then Jeru-
-salem see,—
What a few
Jews there be!
Rome? Why, it,
From the talk,
Seems a bit
Of New York.
When in Spain,
You are bid
Take the train
From Madrid.

For just there,
Well-a-day!
News will scare
Folks away.
Thus I’ve spent
All my tin,
And the rent
Will come in.
Welcomes still
Quarter-Day,
With a will
I can say.
For I’m back,
And I joke
At the black
London smoke.
After all,
When you roam,
“All things pall,
Saving home.
A cigar,
My own wine,
Better far
Than the Rhine.
And I swear,
No strange land
Can compare
With the Strand.
As I pace
Up and down,
You’re the place,
London Town!

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

V.—FROM THE DEPTH OF DESPAIR.

Hatfield, Monday.



EAR TOBY,

ANXIETIES, annoyances, and troubles of various kinds have prevented my writing to you earlier. I suppose there are people who, knowing that I am *Pr-me M-n-st-r*, and instead of the ordinary hat of civilisation go about all day in a coronet, think I am happy! A coronet's all very well in its way, airy, especially at the top, and to some people of dark and striking visage becoming. But you have to sleep in it at night as well as wear it by day, and that is quite another pair of sleeves, as we say at Chateau Cecil.

These things are a parable, dear Toby, which your keen intelligence will unravel and apply. The fact is, I am not the happiest of men, and sometimes look

back with tender longing to the time when I was still a cadet, and used to earn a little pocket-money as a gentleman of the Press. I am popularly regarded as a man of imperious manner, born to lead, and incapable of following. Yet, it has happened that of late years I have been in subjection to a will stronger than my own. There was *BEAKY* for example. You remember how, in my young days, I "went for" *D-zzy*, pouring out upon him all the bitter scorn I felt, partly patrician and partly moral. Then he came to the front, passed us all, took up an unassailable position, and I bowed my neck to his yoke.

That was hard to bear. But there were substantial compensations. Besides, *B-C-NRP-LD* was my elder, a veteran Statesman who had slowly and laboriously won his way into a position of command. But look you, *TOBY*, at that young *R-ND-LPH*, who has me in tow now. He is young enough to be my son, and was in jacket and trousers when I was already a power in the State. *D-zzy* led me with a certain courteous gravity. But this young man hustles me along, first this way, then that, with an energy that leaves everything to be desired in the matters of comfort and courtesy. One never knows where to have him. If he doesn't have his own way, he immediately sulks and throws out hints of appearing upon the platform and denouncing us, of which he is quite capable. I live in a constant state of terror, arising from twofold conditions. In the first place I dread some new escapade or demand from *R-ND-LPH*; beyond that is the constant fear of something happening in Ireland, or a general revolt of the Party.

The other day I had a consultation with *CR-Ss* and *SM-TH*, and submitted to them a proposal which will show you how I have fallen. "Let us, my friends," I said, "withdraw from this business, leave the country, and in some foreign land begin afresh. You, *SM-TH*, are a man of business, and could turn your hand to many things. *R-ND-LPH* himself has suggested a particular commercial avocation for you in copartnership with *CR-Ss*. You might run a store in the Far West, or you'd make a capital clerk in a big hotel, or you might open a bookstall on the Rocky Mountains. There is the making of a capital school-master in you, my *R-CH-RD*; or, if you could sing, you might lead a church choir, or you might do for a beadle, though a little slim in figure. As for me, I have no fear. Without further preparation I am qualified to earn fair wages in a laboratory. I personally conducted the fixing of the Electric light at Hatfield. I can take photographs, and can do a little conjuring. These openings are modest, but they will bring with them peace of mind, and we will never more see *R-ND-LPH*. Let us fly!"

They hesitated for a moment and seemed inclined to consent. It was a great price, but there was a great prize. After talking it over, however, the proposal was rejected. *CR-Ss* said: "*R-ND-LPH* will be sure to find us out, follow us, jeer at me, suppose I got a situation as beadle, fire squibs in *SM-TH*'s bookstall, and play the deuce with your laboratory." "There's nothing that fellow isn't capable of," said *SM-TH*, with a little shiver.

So here we still are, fighting on under difficulties of which the public have only the slightest notion. To me a crushing defeat at the polls would be the sign of deliverance from a situation becoming daily more insupportable. I can only beg your sympathy. When you see me upon the public platform thundering forth anathema at the enemy, you will know that my defiant attitude hides a breaking heart, and will drop a tear for

Your friend, and Markiss

To *TOBY*, M.P., *The Kennel, Barks.**S-L-SB-RY.*

HOW THEY SETTLED IT.

"At the moment of the departure of the Varna mail it is rumoured that the *SULTAN* has issued an *Irade* approving the resolution of the Council of Ministers regarding the proposals on the Egyptian Question presented by Sir H. D. *WOLFF*, and that His Majesty will promptly appoint a Commission in the sense reported in my previous telegrams."—*Times' Correspondent at Constantinople.*

It having been officially intimated that the Mission of Sir H. D. *WOLFF* to Constantinople has at length come to a favourable termination, there can be no reason why the following, the concluding telegraphic despatches passed between the British Commissioner and Lord *SALISBURY*, should not be made public:—

Sir H. D. W-lff, Constantinople, to Lord S-l-sb-ry, Foreign Office, London.

This Bulgarian business has knocked the "Commission" into a cocked-hat. I can get no attention from anyone. It was bad enough before, but now it is simply outrageous. They don't even tell me to call again. All I can get from them is that "they don't know me." This is very irritating, and renders negotiation quite impossible. I am prepared to try anything, but what am I to do? Please wire instructions.

Lord S-l-sb-ry, Foreign Office, London, to Sir H. D. W-lff, Constantinople.

Your telegram to hand. Very confusing. Not being on the spot, cannot tell you what you are to do. Act within your own discretion. Meantime, hint that you have something to say about the Bulgarian business. Perhaps they will let you in on the strength of that. Anyhow try, but do not compromise Her Majesty's Government.

Sir H. D. W-lff, Constantinople, to Lord S-l-sb-ry, Foreign Office, London.

A thousand thanks for your excellent suggestion. I have tried it with much effect. Tone altered at once. I am to see *HALIM* Pasha after luncheon. Certainly will not compromise Her Majesty's Government. Suppose you will have no objection to my promising active support as against Russia, Austria, and Germany, and advising opening of Eastern Question by an appeal to force without delay. Think of threatening Greece as well. See a fine crop of complications a-head if I follow up this line, but am confident of the result. Sure to be satisfactory. Better wire by return if you have anything to add to this.

Lord S-l-sb-ry, Foreign Office, London, to Sir H. D. W-lff, Constantinople.

Stop! Most unsatisfactory. You must do nothing of the kind. Hint what you like, but don't commit Her Majesty's Government to anything. It must reserve to itself complete liberty of action. Pray understand this. Let me hear from you at once.

Sir H. D. W-lff, Constantinople, to Lord S-l-sb-ry, Foreign Office, London.

Very sorry, but your reply turned up too late. Have settled everything on the lines indicated in my last. Full particulars will reach you by despatch in ordinary course. Her Majesty's Government only slightly compromised. Never mind. Worth the candle. Three cheers for the Commission! I'm off to Cairo.

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Apollinaris
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